

HERGE

THE ADVENTURES OF

TINTIN LAND OF BLACK GOLD

الذهب الأسود

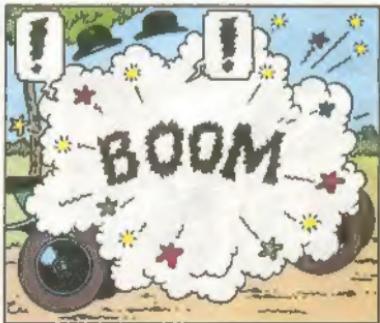
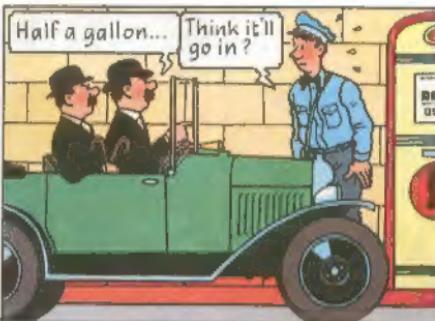


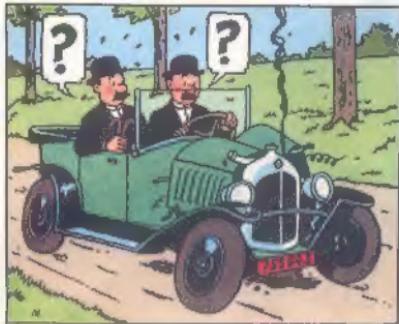
MAGNET

MAGNET

LAND OF BLACK GOLD

الذهب الأسود





Next morning ...

"Crisis deepens - official
"On the brink of war?"
"Are we prepared?"
"Call-up for army re-
serve" ... "Forces on
standby" ... "Things
look bright, I must say."



Hello!

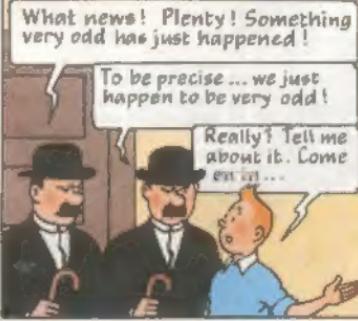
Good morning.
What news?



What news! Plenty! Something
very odd has just happened!

To be precise ... we just
happen to be very odd!

Really? Tell me
about it. Come
on ...



Well, we'd just filled up with
petrol and were driving
peacefully along, when all of
a sudden, without a word of
warning ... our car went ...



It seems to be
catching!



It certainly is ... That's exactly
what happened to us!

Yes. And that's
not all ...

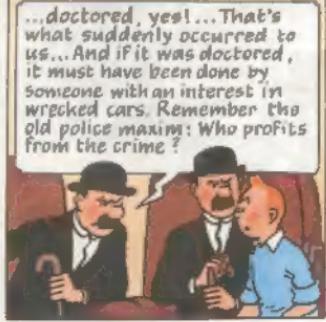


A few minutes later my cigar-
ette lighter, filled at the same
pump, blew up in my hands ...

The petrol ... it
must have
been ...



...doctored, yes! ... That's
what suddenly occurred to
us ... And if it was doctored,
it must have been done by
someone with an interest in
wrecked cars. Remember the
old police maxim: Who profits
from the crime?



Now, who stands to gain
from this business? ... Who,
eh? ... I'll tell you! ... the
breakdown people,
Autocart!



No doubt about it: Autocart doctors the petrol. When the engine blows up, you send for a breakdown truck. And who do you call? The people who do the most advertising: Autocart!

I suppose it's possible but...

No buts! It's a certainty!... We're taking up the case, and by this time next week we'll have enough evidence to arrest the entire board of directors.

Good luck to you!...

For a start, we'll take a snoop around the Autocart garage...



Would you like to comment, sir, on the situation created by the deterioration in petrol quality ...

Catastrophic!
The situation is catastrophic!

Look! In two months, consumption has dropped by 65% ... And it's falling every day ... This very morning ...

SALES CHART

... the airline companies decided to suspend all services because of the dangers of fuel explosions in the air ... Oil shares have slumped to half their value ... the bottom's dropping out of the market ... it's a disaster! ... A catastrophe!

Even worse! What about the international situation? ... Supposing war comes ... breaks out tomorrow? ... Imagine what'll happen ... Ships ... planes ... tanks ... The armed Forces completely immobilised! ... The mind boggles! ... Disaster!

What do you think has caused this sudden change in the petrol?

That's the question we'd all like to answer! Nothing has changed at the oilfields, or in the refineries, so it has to be sabotage ...

We took samples at the wells, from storage depots, aboard the tankers, in the refineries, and we had them analysed ... Nothing! Absolutely nothing! Then we decided to treat the petrol itself, to prevent it exploding. Our top scientists are working night and day on the problem ... to find some way of ...

BOOM

?

?

SALES CH

Another car blowing up! ... Where was I? Oh yes ... My senior research officer says they are on the verge of success in our labs ... I'm expecting a call from him any moment now to say they've found the solution ...

That'll be him ... Do you mind? ...

No, of course ...

Yes? ... Well, you've got it? ... An answer? ... What? ... Nothing at all? ... Nothing? ... I see ... Well, it's a pity ... You'll just have to keep at it ...

SALES CH

What? ... Should you go on with the research? Of course ... surely that's obvious ... Why bother to ask? ...

Because if we're to go on, sir, you'll have to consider building a new laboratory!

Analysis of the petrol showed nothing... but what if someone used an additive that leaves no trace?... Tonight, Snowy my friend... we'll take a little trip to see some storage tanks...



Meanwhile at Autocart...

Ice?!... Ice on the road! What sort of fool d'you take me for?... I'll give you one more chance... but watch your step!... Understand?... Go and check the tyre pressures on the boss's car!



Anyway, we're better off here at the garage. More likely to get inside information...



My car ready, Vic?

In a minute, sir. We're just checking your tyre pressures.

Ssh! It's the Manager.



How are things going, Vic? As bad as ever?

Afraid so...



It looks black... Everyone's talking of war... they say things could blow sky high at any moment.



BANG



That night...



Ah! You've come!
...Have you got it?

Yes. Here...
Where's the cash?



There...
D.K... You leave tomorrow?
Aah... Aah... Aah...
Yes, 'Speedol Star' sails on the afternoon tide.



ECHOOD!



If someone's snooping, he's had his chips!



It's only a dog... Just as well!



Don't let's hang around: someone might come!... Goodbye!



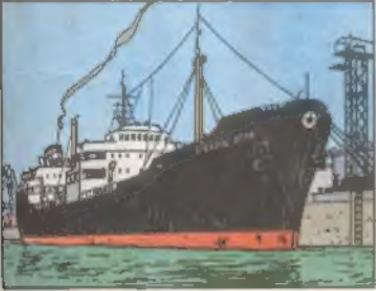
Good old Snowy! That was a near thing... I believe we're on to something... The next move is to ring my contact at Speedol.



Hello?... Yes... Oh, good evening Tintin... A clue?... You really think so?... Are you sure that's wise? There could be a war any day... What's that? Aboard 'Speedol Star' as radio officers?... All right, I'll lay it on for you.



Next morning...



So you're the new radio officer... You look a bit young to me...



Hello, Thomson?... Oh, it's Thomson... Jebb here, at headquarters... You're to join the 'Speedol Star' as deckhands... sailing today for Khemikhal, the chief port in Khem... There's a row going on there between the Emir Ben Kalish Ezab and Sheik Bab El Ehr who's trying to depose him... Khem is dynamite... Keep your eyes open...



You heard?

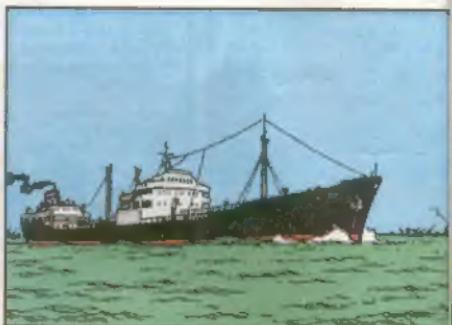
Yes... We've just got time to pack ourselves up...



Tell me, my man, where is our cabin?



... and the next time you open your big mouths you'll address me as 'captain'... Under stand?



How uncouth!

To be precise: most impolite! But you have to admit, he's got plenty of push ...



Maybe just a coincidence... Still, can't be too careful...

I need a safer hiding place for the goods...



Hey, you...

Who?...
Me?...
What?...
When?...

Police?

Special Branch, yes... But... er... how did you know?

It's my job to know everything... Allow me to introduce myself: Jock McPhee of Naval Intelligence, on a top-secret mission...

Thomson and Thompson of Special Branch - also deadly secret

I'd like you to do something for me... take care of some secret documents... Someone's on to me and may try to steal them... OK?

Anything, for a colleague!

That's fixed that!... Now I can relax...

Just wait till we reach Khemikhal... you and your master!

No... I'll fix you right now, my friend!

...massive troop movements are also reported... The Prime Minister told the House today that the world situation is grave, but the government has taken all steps necessary to meet an emergency

The news goes from bad to worse... One single spark could set the world ablaze

Hello, where's Snowy?... I've heard enough for today... Snowy!... Snowy!... Oh, he's gone out...

Golly! Some bone!

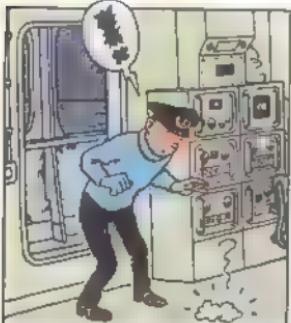
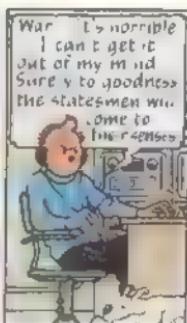


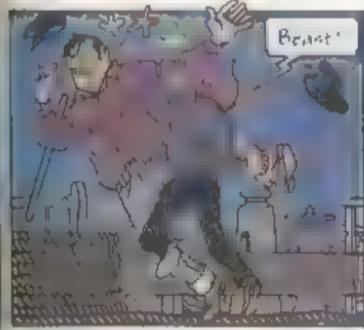
GRR GRRR
WOAAH



WOAAH
WOAAH

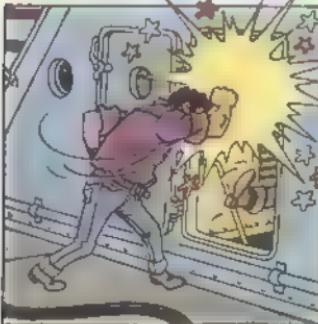
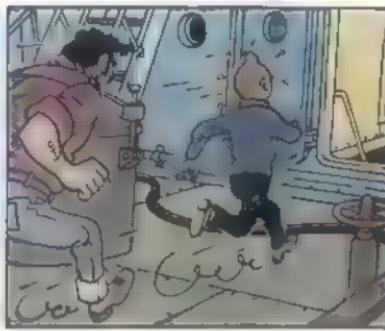


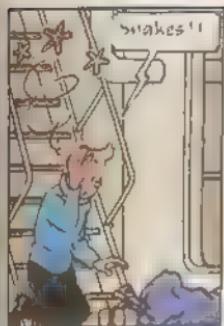




You don't need
me to do the
explaining
around here

I assure you
I mean it was
all a mistake





Next morning

An the storm's
blown to self out.



How do you
think he is?

No change... He's
wandering...

Good morning noon
and night light Right,
right left, right left,
pick 'em up, now How now
brown cow?



No hope of earning any
thing useful from that
quarter



Several days later

There's
a launch

Yes, and there's a
launch putting out
with police aboard, I bet.



They've tightened up
security. Only natural
with the international
crisis and the tension in
Kneimed.



Military police - we have orders
to search the ship

Oh?
Very well



Military police. This is a cabin
search!

Go ahead



Military police.
Open your bags!



Aha! As we were told! Behind
the coat - hooks!



These papers were hidden in the radio officer's cabin, sergeant.

Let me see!

Aval Ail very interesting... A shipment of arms to Sheik Bab El Ehr!

I assure you, sergeant, I...

Keep your hands off! We're police officers! We'll see you pay for this!

To be precise: you'll see we pay for this!



Heroin in their baggage sir. And they're pretending to be police officers!

'Indeed'

We were tricked, sergeant... An agent from Naval Intelligence gave us the package. He said it contained secret documents.

And where is this 'agent', eh?

He's here on board, sergeant... But he suddenly seems to have lost his wits

Meaning that we can't question him, I suppose... A neat little story... But it just happens that I am very far from losing MY wits!



What a fool we've been! Another false trial!



All right, get these three bright boys into the launch. They'll be interrogated ashore.

But



Who've you got there?

The two are just a couple of drug-smugglers, think. But the young one has important documents to do with Bab El Ehr

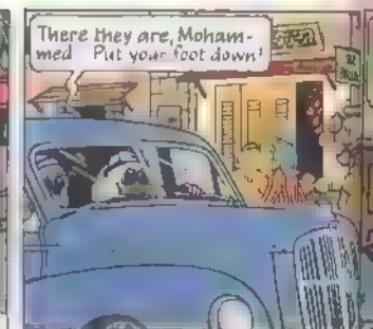


Excellent work! Our noble Sheik will reward you when he comes to power! Go now!



Bab El Ehr must be informed!







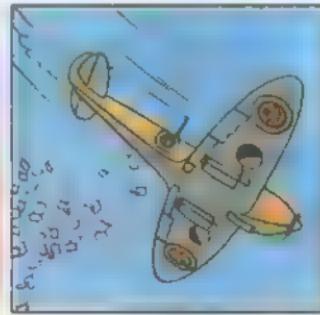
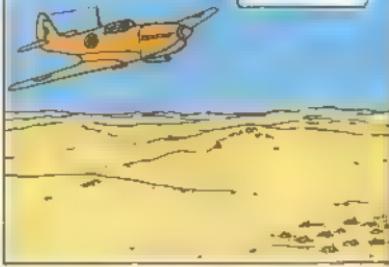
Tie him up and guard him well!



Noble master! A spy-plane from the emir!



That's the sheik's camp



We strike camp at sunrise!
Before two days have passed we must be hidden in the mountains.



As for you you come with us! You'll make a good hostage!



Meanwhile



I say... Are you quite sure we're going in the right direction?

Of course I'm sure.



Anyway, we can't go wrong
They said drive straight on

Quite right. And there's
the first of our wells



We'll stop there for a minute
and fill the radiator



Goodness gracious! ...
A mirage!

A mirage? ... Really?
I thought they'd been
abolished



Never mind - we'll
drive on



Ah! We've made good time.
There's Tel El Esd!... We'll stop
there for a drink ...

Good idea!



Bother and ...
Another mirage!

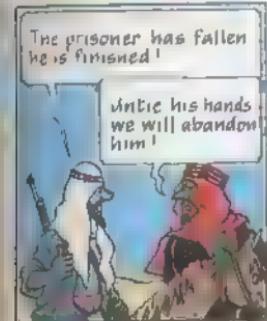
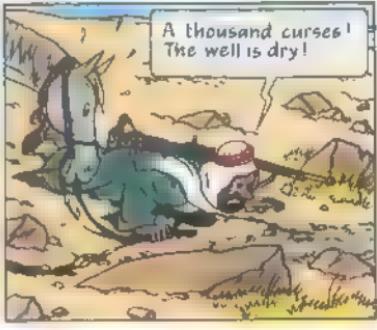


And there's a third!
They really are
overdoing it!





Meanwhile



You and your sense of direction! A fat lot of good it's doing us!

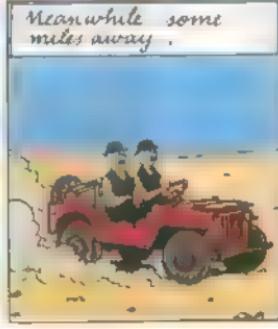
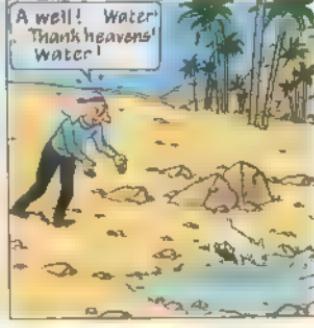
I tell you we're all right. This is a main road...

I can prove it... Look!

Pooh! Another mirage!

There you are! ... I told you so!





Aaah... That was
marvelous!

Now, all we need is
something to eat.
I wonder...
Yes!

We're in luck...
Those are
date palms...
Let's see.

HUPI

What are you
hoping for?
A couple of
pigeon peps?

On Snowy I'm
so sorry!

It's getting dark... We'll
have to spend the night
here tomorrow perhaps
we'll be lucky enough to
meet someone

These
things have
certainly
got bones,
but I'll
see
for a shot

Time passes

Brrr! It's freezing
cold... If only I could
get to sleep

Sant! What's
that noise?

Horsement!... Snowy, our luck's
really in! We'll be rescued!

Hey wait a minute
Horsement? In the
middle of the night?
Perhaps we'd better
stay hidden.

They're all
mounting

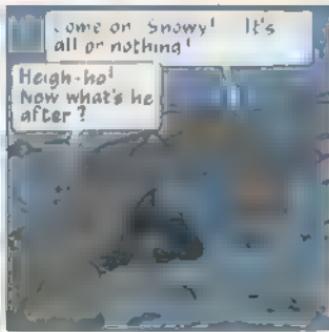
Armed, you guard the
horses. You two come
with me!

What's going on?

Get on with it
and hurry!

Where have
I heard that
voice...?

What can they
be doing over
by the pipe-
line?



Meanwhile...

Hello hello
pumping station
twelve reporting
total loss of pressure
..pipe must be
broken above this
station Please
send a repair-gang
imme... diately



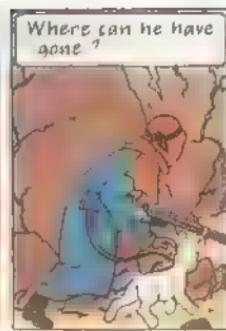
I must be mad. This is crazy
But it's too late now. I've
taken a chance and can't
turn back



Hello Hello Pump
ing station eleven
Number one se
tiro here. Cost
all valves immedi
ately. The pipes fra
tured between yo
and number two
... A repair gang
on the way



Crumbs! I know who that is! ... It's Doctor Müller (1)



Poor silly Ahmed! Some men in a mirror comes in handy to see what goes on be hind you. And I don't like spies!



But 't's not Ahmed Krutz-turken! It's Tintin!



Tintin? What's he doing here? Something must have aroused his suspicions but what? Perhaps I'd better wait till he comes round then question him. No that'd be useless - a waste of time!



You've meddled in my affairs once too often, Tintin! ... I'm fixing you for good!



Ah! What's that? It sounds like... It can't be... Yes! It's a car...



No a jeep! Der Teufel! They're after me all ready!



The horses. If they spot the horses I'm done for!

What about Tintin? Kill him now? No, they'd near the spot. Ach he's out cold. There's plenty of time to deal with him later.

So they've gone! That was a close thing

Quick! I must take care of Tintin. I was careless. I should have bashed his brains out with my rifle butt.

Teufel!

BANG

Just in time!



Yess! He's made off with both horses, the thug!

Here I am back to square one with a bump on my head as well!

On our way Snowy we haven't any choice

We must follow his tracks!

Let me near just that brute again and have a better waltz his trousers!

What's it all about? What's that gangster Müller doing here? ... And why should he want to wreck the pipeline? ... When he had me at his mercy, why didn't he kill me? ... I just don't have any of the answers

Me... I can't be mistaken. Let's take a closer look...

They're wheelmarks, Snowy... This really is a bit of luck!

Splendid!... Perhaps we're on a bus route

Let's see... I'd say they were tyres on a jeep... The sand and pebbles were thrown back by the wheels, so it was travelling that way. We'll go in the same direction

And we'll worry about our friend Müller later

Meanwhile

I don't like it, Thomson... If we don't get somewhere soon

It's all right!... Look!... There! Tracks of a car!

Quite correct! And they aren't a mirage, either!

All we do is follow the tracks and we're saved!

An hour later

Hooray!... More tracks!... A second car joined the first one...

A real stroke of luck hitting this road

To be precise: we've really had a stroke!

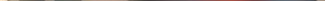
Another hour later

Several hours go by

Another one! That makes the seventh

We're obviously getting near a big town and... Hey! Stop!... What's that there, ahead of us?

There! A third car, one of the other two. We're on a very busy road



Doh! Here it comes! We're
not in the middle of the
worst of all, the wind and sand
will wipe out all the tracks...

This awful sand gets in your
eyes and your mouth. We
can't go on! Only one thing
to do...

Wait till the storm
blows over...

Ssh! I heard
something. There
it is again. A
car engine!

We can't go on like this. We must
raise the windscreen and put
up the hood...

OOEE!

Ugh! this sand!

Careful!
You mustn't
let go...

Don't worry,
I'm holding t

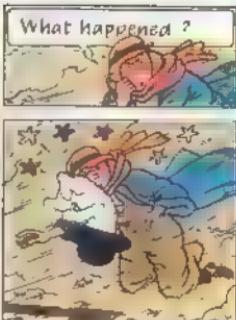
OOEE!

Come on Snowy!

Hang on tight!
Don't let it
get away!

OOEE!

OOEE!



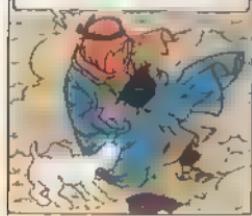
Good heavens! A bowler belonging to one of the Thompsons! How can they possibly? Surely they couldn't?

Thomson! Cooee! Thomson!

Te omson Tin. in.

I say, did you hear anything? ... No? ... I thought I heard someone over there, calling our name

Come along, come along! It's just another mirage. Get in. We must move!



Thomson! Cooee! It's me! It's me!

Hooray! They heard me! They've stopped again.

Nothing! The tyres this side are quite all right. Funny: I was sure I heard a loud bang

All well this side. Right on we go!

They've started the engine... They didn't hear me

BANG

Cooee! Thomson!

Heigh-ho! That's nice!

My gun!... A shot! They'll certainly hear that

COOEE!... THOMSON!

A mirage, my dear fellow... And not for the first time ... I can't think why you're still taken in by them... Come along!

The sound of the engine is fading... Too late. They've gone

It's all over, Snowy ... We're done for...

... OMSON

?

?

Heigh-ho! That's nice!

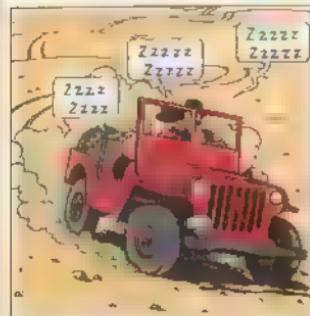
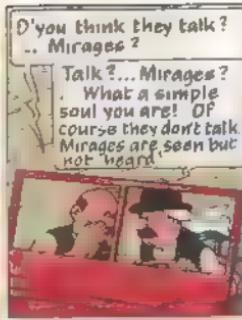
OMSON

A mirage, my dear fellow... And not for the first time ... I can't think why you're still taken in by them... Come along!

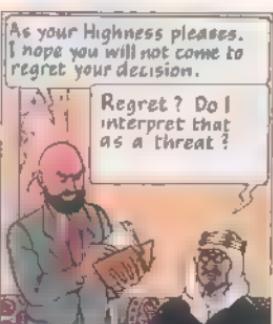
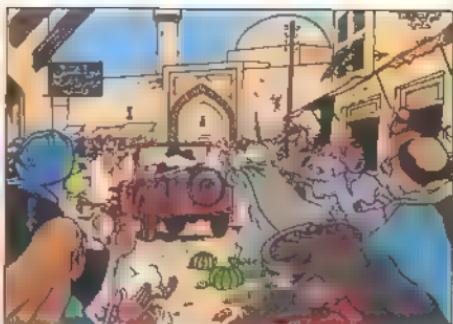
The sound of the engine is fading... Too late. They've gone

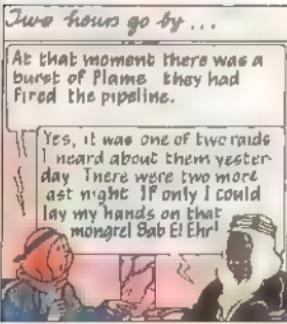
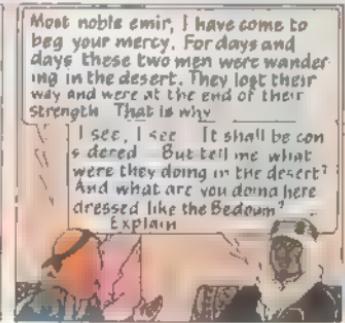
It's all over, Snowy ... We're done for...

Heigh-ho! That's nice!



La ilaha illa 'lan'.
Monammed rassoul Allah'





It's very simple: if I sign a contract with Skoil the attacks will cease immediately. So why do I refuse to sign Professor Smith's contract?

Yes, why? I wonder?

It is strange, I do not know why I am telling you all this... You are a stranger... I have no reason, but I trust you. So... Inch'Allah. I refuse to sign the contract because I do not like Professor Smith and I do not like his Skoil Petroleum

Oh?

But I have interrupted your story. You were telling now the saboteurs had blown up the pipeline.

They came running back and remounted their horses. I remained hidden behind the rocks... Suddenly...

Master! Master! Oh! Master!

What's this? Who dares to disturb us?

Oh Master! Master! Your son!

Well, Ali Ben Mahmud, what new prank is my little lamb playing this time?

Heaven grant that it's indeed a prank! Master, your son has disappeared!

Hah! Ha! Ha! Disappeared! If you knew my son you would laugh as I do. He's the naughtiest young rascal anyone ever saw... Every day he thinks up some new little wickedness. But come with me, you'll see for yourself.

He was in the garden, Master.

Yes, yes, Ali Ben Mahmud, calm yourself!

There's the little motor car I gave him last week on his sixth birthday.

Abdu-lah! Abdullah! Where are you my treasures?

Abdullah! Come out now my little sugar plum!

Abdullah! my baby lamb kin

Abdullah! Abdullah! Where are you hiding?

Abdullah, you little rascal, if you don't come at once Papa will be cross!

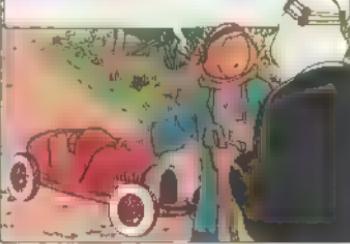
Excuse me Highness, but does your son wear a blue robe?

A blue robe? Abdullah? No! Why do you ask?

Here's a piece of blue cloth I just found caught on a branch Under the tree are some very deep footmarks. Obviously someone was hiding in the tree, and then jumped to the ground.



There's your son's motor car. It has been shoved to one side as you can see from the tyre marks.



But I don't understand What are you trying to say?

I hardly dare tell you, Highness. I fear the worst. Come with me. There will be other clues.



There! I knew it!... More footmarks!...



And here...and there... And look! Marks on the wall! This is where they must have climbed over



They?... Who?



The men who... You're mad! My son! Is kidnapped? Why? Tell me why anyone should kidnap my son? You're crazy!... You've made all this up!... You're lying!... Yes, you're lying, like all infidels!



Where is Mohammed Ben Kalish Ezab?

Over there by the wall in the "stranger"



A horseman brought this letter Master. Then rode away like the wind, out into the desert



BY ALLAH!



It's unbelievable! Here read this letter



Excuse me Highness... it is in Arabic...



Oh yes, I will translate for you

To Mohammed Ben Kalish Ezab... If you want to see your son again, throw Arabex out of Khemed. It's signed: Bab El Ehr



Yes, it's what I would expect!

Bab El Ehr! Bab El Ehr! Son of a mangy dog! Grandson of a scurvy ,aakal! Great grandson of a moulting vulture! My revenge will be terrible! I will impale you on a spit!.. I will roast you over a slow fire! I will pull out your beard, one hair at a time.. And I will stuff it down your throat .

But we must act! Where is my military adviser?

Ohhhh! His car!

Boo hoo hoo-ooo ooo ooo! My ittie Abdullah... My ittie honeybun, where are you? My little peppermint cream.. Boo hoo-hoo hoo hoo..

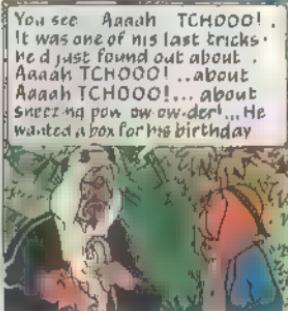
Highness, you must calm yourself

Woo-Hoo-hoo... My little angel . Boo-woo-hoo-hoo!

My little Abdullah! ...Aaah Aaah . Aaah.. Aaah

TCHOOO! Aaa ah .TCHOOL ...Aaaan TCHOOO!

You see Aaah TCHOOO! . It was one of his last tricks . He'd just found out about Aaah TCHOOO! ...about sneezing pow pow pow-der! .. He wanted a box for his birthday



A few minutes later

This is Yussuf Ben Mulfrid, my military adviser. He'll explain his plan of campaign

No, thank you
I don't smoke

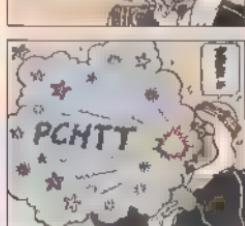
Well, noble master... In two hours, three hundred horsemen will be ready to leave in pursuit of Bab El Ehr's followers. I have already given orders for scouts to follow their trail .. Briefly, I can say to you .



Allah is good!... My little poppet replaced all my best havanas with his trick cigars... Wasn't that sweet?...

My one and only little chickadee!

By the beard of the prophet! That wretched little centipede has changed all my best Sobranics for his filthy jokes!



Two hours
later



There they go. With Alians help they will succeed they will snatch my dear duckling from the hands of that monster, Bab El Ehr!



To tell the truth, Highness, that expedition is entirely useless... Useless, for the very good reason that Bab El Ehr didn't kidnap your son. We've got to look elsewhere for him ..



What ?! ...Not Bab El Ehr?. But you saw the letter he sent



His writing? Actually no. But but if you knew it wasn't from him why didn't you say so sooner? .. And another thing, why did you let me send out my horse-men?



Quite simply to make the real kidnapper believe that my trick has succeeded... Then unless I'm very much mistaken ..



I think so, Highness but I need more proof... And I don't know where he has taken your son .. That's the main thing we've got to discover. By the way, have you a recent photograph of Abdullah? .. It would be useful if I could have a look at it



That's his latest portrait..



Poor little cherub... The sittings were real torture for him



Actually, the artist went insane



.. Is this one of those infernal cigarettes? .. No, it's a real one



Papa bags your pardon, lambkin for such a wicked suspicion!



Another of his con-founded tricks! Now where did he get that?



Well he's certainly quite un-mistakable! Now I must start my search, Highness. Could you fit me out with some different clothes? And I'd like some information on Doctor Mäl. I mean Professor Smith



Professor Smith? You think he can help you find my son?



Perhaps

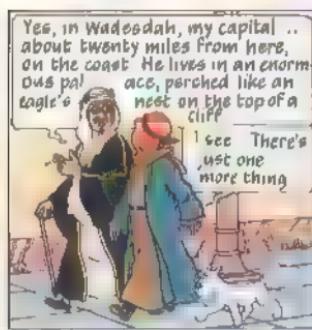
He's an archaeologist, digging for remains of the ancient civilisations that once flourished in these lands... At the same time he acts as representative for Skoil Petroleum.

He lives here?



Yes, in Wadoodah, my capital .. about twenty miles from here, on the coast: He lives in an enormous palace, perched like an eagle's nest on the top of a cliff

I see. There's just one more thing



Take no notice... Just a cap... Abdullah scattered them everywhere

They lived up in the palace

Oh? I see



Where was I?... Oh, yes. The two friends I mentioned. I have a great favour to ask on their behalf. Please treat them as your honoured guests. lavish every comfort upon them; take every possible care of them... But if you want me to find your son, for pity's sake don't allow them out of the palace on any pretext whatever, soever.



Next morning, in Wadoodah...



That must be Professor Smith's palace, up there.



ATCHOO!



A cold? .. Or sneezing powder? I'd better follow

ATCHOO!



جاءكم السلام

سلام

Great snakes! It's Senhor Oliveira da Figueira! (1)



What a salesman! Just the same! He's persuaded that man to buy a pair of roller-skates!



لَا حَمْدَ لِلَّهِ رَبِّ الْعَالَمِينَ



Nasty cold, eh?

Yes, a sudden epidemic started this morning among Professor Smith's servants...



But come in, come in, honoured sir. Absolutly no obligation. But I'm sure you'll find a little something you need once you're inside my shop...



To tell the truth Senhor Oliveira, I don't need anything. But I'm delighted to see you. Do you remember me? This is! Espelidido. What a wonderful surprise! This calls for a celebration on



Si! You must take a glass of wine with me. Some fine Portuguese rose... My country's bottled sunshine!



Now, what brings you to this god-forsaken... and!



We i i er I'm interested in archaeology...



Ah, like Professor Smith...

Exactly. You seem to know him. Tell me, what's he like? A pleasant sort of fellow?



To be honest, no, decidedly not. He's tough, and cruel...



* BING * CRACK BUMP *

There's a mousetrap in the cupboard, but it sounds as if we've caught a full-grown rat





Here we are . Ah, you're listening to the news

Yes, The threat of war seems to be lessening, thank heavens!

Now what were we talking about ?

About Professor Smith You were saying that he isn't particularly likeable

That's true... But he's extremely rich, and I'm his main supplier... So you see... My customers include all the top people in the area... At least, not quite all... Not the emir, alas! .. What a man! ... One of the best! .. Which is more can be said for his nasty little son, A tea pest, young Prince Abdullah! .. But you won't have heard he's just been kidnapped!

Look here. Senhor Oliveira would you like to be appointed official supplier to the Emir Ben Kahsh Ezab?

Would I like it? .. Of course! It would be the crowning glory of my career .. But what would I have to do?

Help me recover Prince Abdullah.. To do that, smuggle me into Professor Smith's house ..

Professor Smith What for? .. Well, I'll like it. It's quite easy. I go there each morning ..

The next morning ..

Salaam aleikum Murad!

A eikum sala Tchoo

Who's the young stranger?

My nephew Alvaro. I want him to meet the palace servants

My friends let me introduce my nephew Alvaro just arrived from Portugal. He's an orphan, poor lad. I've taken him into my family.

ATCHOON!

Just between ourselves he's a little well a bit simple. Not surprising after what's happened to him... A dreadful story... Just imagine, his father, who was a well-known snail-farmer. Excuse me, just a minute.

Be a good boy, Alvaro... While I'm busy with the gentlemen, you run and play in the garden... I'll call you...

Yes Uncle

But listen carefully, Alvaro. Don't make a noise. Professor Smith is working in his study upstairs. You're not to disturb him.

No Uncle

That's fine... He'll keep them safely occupied with one of his endless stories .. but I mustn't waste time.

That'll be Professor Smith's study...



Let's see if he really is there... I just need some pebbles



Right on the shutters...



Any sign of life? No...



RAT

TAT

No one at home
Good!

There!

There!

Careful... mustn't take chances...



Hooked
First time!
That's a bit
of luck!



Meanwhile

...So his father who'd married the daughter of Da Costa the pirate from Lisbon, suddenly found himself in the middle of an extraordinary adventure. One day...



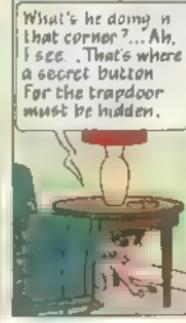
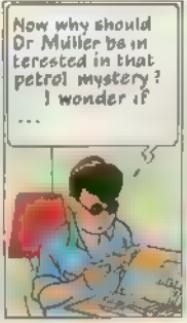
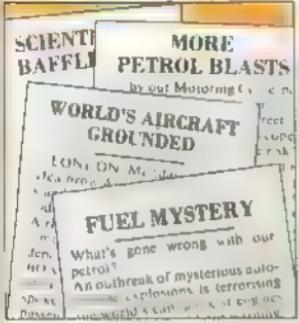
Ana! The room's empty



I must lock the door
...If someone comes,
it'll give me time to
make a getaway



The key's in the door .. And the doors locked from the inside! But there's no-one here... It doesn't make sense



Lucky I persuaded him to swap his confounded box of sneezing powder for a pair of roller-skates ...



There... I'll burn it in a minute ...



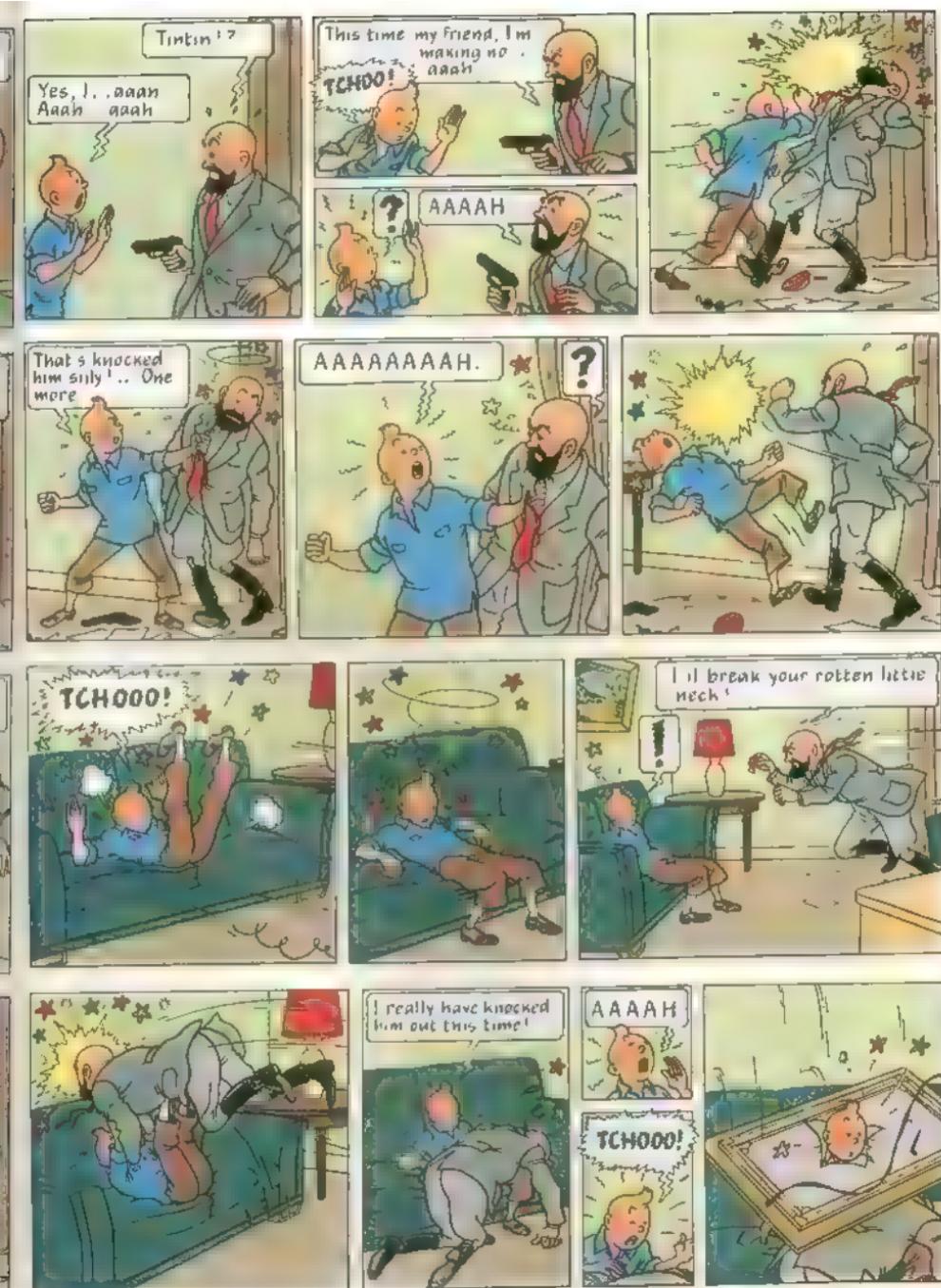
Drat! He's starting to write!



Let's hope he won't be long... I'm beginning to get pins and needles ...







When I Saved again. He's at II
out cold. Quick I must tie him
up, gag him, ride him some
where and telephone to the
emr



Meanwhile, in the kitchen

As the poor woman never got over the loss
died of grief and shame, at the age of ninety
seven. Her husband, broken hearted, soon
followed her to the grave. But that wasn't
the end of the terrible tragedies this un-
happy family had to suffer. One day, their son



There, Doctor Muller. That's
taken care of you!

35



Hello? Hello?
Is that the royal
palace?... I want
to speak to His
Highness... Tintin
... Hello? Is that
you, Highness?



Tintin? Yes where
are you? With Profes-
sor Smith?... What?
My son there?... A
prisoner?... What's
that you say?... What?
... Oh! You sneezed!
Bless you!



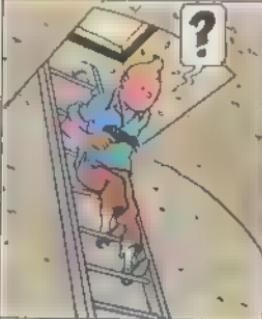
You must send
men to Wadesdale
... Have the palace
surrounded...
Meanwhile, I'll try
to rescue the
prince



I can't say I
like these toys,
but this time
I'd better be
armed.



Now let's have a closer
look at this.



Nobody there . that's odd

I could have sworn I heard a sneeze

Stop! Hands up or I'll shoot!

Don't move, and don't make a sound.. or else

Right!... Now you're going to take me to the emir's son. Get moving, and don't try any funny business! Understand?

He's in there

You've got the key? . Open up

All right? Stand away... Face the wall, and keep your hands up...

Quick Abdullah! Hurry! I've come to take you home to your father

Shant! Don't want to go home. This is a nice game... Let me go! I hate you... I won't go!

But

BANG

Abdullah!... Come along Abdullah! There isn't time to play about

?

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...



Be quiet, you little pest!
Be quiet!

SHANT

WAAAHH!
WAAAHH!
WAAAHH!

What about him?
I ought to tie him up,
but...

WAAAHH!

WAAAHH
WAAAHH

CLICK

YEOW!
YEOW!

WHACK

WHACK
WHACK
WHACK
WHACK
WHACK

I hate you!. I shall tell my papa!
And my papa is the emir!...

Oh yes

WHACK
WHACK
WHACK

Great snakes! He's
come round.. He'll
raise the alarm,
that's for sure...

And my papa
will have you flogged
And then he'll
have you impaled

Good idea

Quick, Murad!.. Find Daud
and Abdul. Take Daud with
you and start searching
from the far end... Send
Abdul to me. We'll wait here
for the young swine...

I do,
master

At that moment the count
stepped forward. And he cried
in Portuguese (you mustn't forget
Portuguese was his native tongue)
and without a moment's hesitation
he flung open the door. He
stood frozen with horror!

Daud!.. Abdul!..
Come at once!. The
master needs you

er how I rattle on!
I must go, an important
appointment. Er if
you see my nephew,
send him home, will
you? ... Goodbye!

With us here and Murad
and Daud at the other
end he's trapped!

... And then he'll cut off
your head and play with it
with it. So there!

He can't escape with
the boss guarding the
other exit.



Poor Tintin! What will become of him?



Hello, what's that? I don't know. Why yes, it's Snowy!



But we left him shut up in my house. How did he manage to get out?



Snowy! Here, Snowy!



Mesuruhali

Oh! Look! Over there... Rais! Rais to play trains with!

Yes, railway lines... But you can play later...



No! Now!... I want to play trains!



Chuff chuff chuff chuff ..

Abdullah...



Abdullah!... Stop that!... Come here!

YEOWWI!



YEOWWI!

?



Chuff - chuff chuff chuff



Abdullah! . For heaven's sake come back!

TOOOOT!



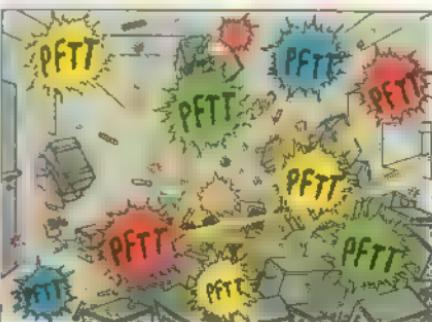
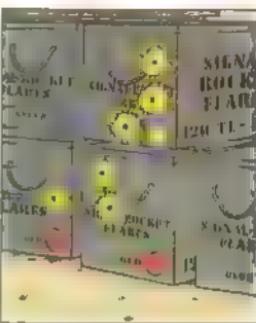
Get him, Abdullah!



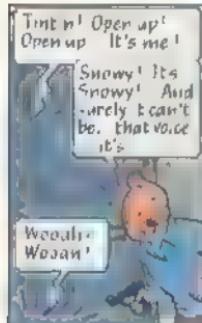
YEOWWI!

RAT TAT TAT TAT TAT





Seems to be
calming down...



Who does that car belong to?

It's mine
Why?

Duck Captain!

Stop! That's my car! You can't have it! It's mine!

Stop them! Stop them! They... damage my car!

You're sure this is the way?

Yes it's the only possible road. But tell me Captain... You still haven't explained how you come to be here.

It's quite simple really but also rather complicated. First I must tell you...

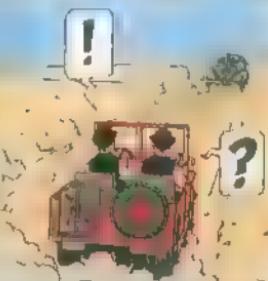
Ah! Look! The emir's horsemen... That proves it! We're certainly on the right track.

Forgive me, Captain... I'm sorry, I interrupted... You were saying...

Well as I said, it was quite simple and at the same time rather complicated. You remember.

Look ahead! A cloud of dust!... D'you think it's Smith?...

No, it's the Thompsons' jeep... We shall overtake them...



Hello, that's odd. I wonder why we... What are you?



What on earth were you doing... getting out while we were moving?



Moving? ... Were we moving? ... Oh, now I see... It must have been that other car... It passed us so fast I thought we were standing still ...



No! I want one now! I want an icecream! I want an ice-cream!... Then I want to go home! ...

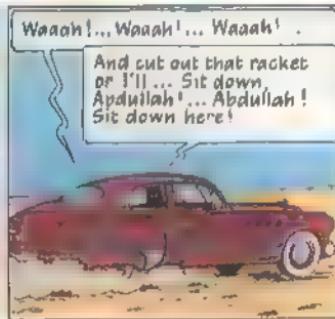


No! I want to sit here! I hate you!... I shall tell my papa... And my papa is the emir! ...



I know.
I know.

Yes, you're right... I was just going to tell you... As I said, it was really quite simple... but at the same time rather complicated. There they are! Another dust-cloud! ... This time it's certainly Müller!



Look at their tracks! ... Müller must have lost control of the car... it went over, and caught fire.. Let's hope nothing's happened to the prince



Ooh! What a lovely accident!

Can we have another one?

Ssh!... A car's stopping... Doors banging ... Wait! ...

All right, Müller. We've got you!

Aha! I've got a score to settle with him!



Got me? ... Not yet! Take one more step and I'll shoot the boy!

Whoopie! Just like a real gangster film!



Look! Another gun to shoot them with!

Thanks, Abdullah! You! Throw down your guns!



So you can shoot us down like rabbits?.. No! We're keeping them!



Just as you like!.. But watch it!.. One false move and the child's had it!.. Now, move away!.. Go on, move backwards..



Aha! Excellent!.. Another car ready and waiting!.. Go on keep moving back!

Ooh! Papa's car! That's Papa's car! Are we going to play another accident?



Get inside, you! And keep your mouth shut!



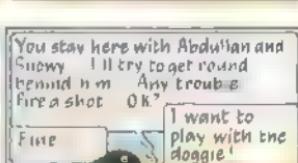
All right... One bullet at the car when I go and I'll wring this repulsive little monkey's neck!.. Understand?.. So, auf wiedersehen!



Beast! Baby-snatcher!... Brigand!... Baboon!... Belemnite!.. Bully!.. Bougainvillea!.. Bashi bazouk!

Waah!



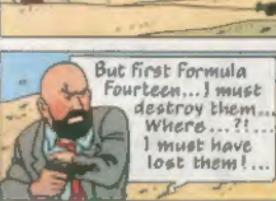




Müller!... Müller!... Look behind you... That jeep's full of police... And that other cloud of dust is a troop of the emir's horse... You're trapped, Müller!

The emir's horsemen!... He's right!... I'll be captured... and handed over to that merciless fiend!... He'll torture me... put me on the rack!... I'll be impaled... roasted on a slow fire... No! No! I'll be impaled... roasted on a slow fire... No! No!

Ach! Teufel! My gun's empty... Lucky I've got Abdullah's...



Blistering barnacles!... Look at the two Thompsons!

Crumbs! Whatever's happened to them?

I don't know... hic... the heat, per... hic... perhaps... Unless it was the aspirin we... hic... we just took...

What sort of aspirin?

I don't understand... It seems real enough... But let's take a look at the contents...



Strange... the tablets have the maker's mark, all right... It's extra-ordinary...

I agree, it's very odd...

Blistering-Barnacles! Blistering-Barnacles! Look at your funny friends now!...



Captain! Captain! ... How awful!

Er... I... hic... Feel rather peculiar!

Er... to be pre... hic... Me too!

Do it again, thundering barnacles!



We must get help for them at once... You take the car and return Abdullah to his Father... I'll drive the Jeep, with Müller and the Thompsons

Hic...

Right!



I'll make you rich for life if you destroy those aspirine, instead of analysing them...

So! The tube belongs to you... What's in the tablets?



Why worry?... Destroy them and your fortune's made!

No thank you, Doctor Müller... I'm not interested.



At Waderdah Hospital, two hours later...

Doctor, doctor! Come quickly! Two extraordinary cases!...



A little later...

Master!... See! Your car is returning!

With Abdullah?

With Abdullah!... Abdullah!... My little sugar plum!... My darling chocolate candy!

He can have his sugar plum, as far as I'm concerned!

My sweetest strawberry angel cake!...

At last! Now I can have a quiet smoke!

Waaah! Waaah! Waaah! Want to stay with Blistering-Barnacles!

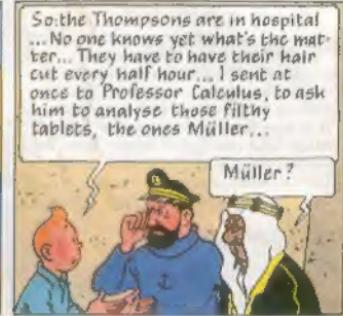


My nose!... Billions of blistering barnacles!... My nose!

Again!... Burn your nose again!

Come, come, don't be cross... It was his little game... a jolly prank...

Ah, here comes Tintin...



Oh... of course, Highness... you don't know... Müller is the real name of Professor Smith.

That reptile! Where is he? Impale him instantly!



Müller is in the hands of the police, Highness. And I've given my word that he'll have a fair trial.

By Allah! How you Westerners complicate things!... We men of the East are far more expeditious!



The trial will attract plenty of attention!... I found these papers on him. They prove Müller was a secret agent for a major foreign power... In the event of war it was his job to use his men to seize the oil wells, which explains the veritable arsenal we found under his palace... And he was already manoeuvring to oust Arabex in favour of Skoil.

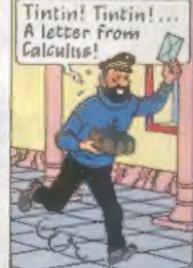


Those are the essentials. A police search of his palace, and a full interrogation of Müller and his accomplices will fill in the details. Quite simply, it's an episode in the perpetual warfare over oil... the world's black gold...



Some days later...

Tintin! Tintin!... A letter from Calculus!



My friends, I have immediately analysed the tablets you sent. I have discovered that if you add only a minute part of petrol to explosive qualities are increased to an alarming degree.

By trial and error I have concluded that one single tablet dissolved in a tank holding 5000 gallons of petrol would be enough to cause a

Anyway, Captain, that solves the mystery of cars blowing up... Hey, what's the matter? What have you got there?

Thundering typhoons!





My house, by thunder! What's that nitwitted ninepin done to my beautiful house?!

Let's read on: he's sure to explain ...



... The research was exceedingly difficult. I enclose a photograph of Marlinspike after my first experiments ...

His first? ... Did he do some more?!!



... Anyway, they were successful: that's all that matters. As for the phenomena in the capillary systems of the Thompsons, these will soon cease with the aid of the powders I have prepared and sent to you separately. The other substance I have sent is for use with petrol, and will entirely neutralize the effects of the compound Formula Fourteen...



Some weeks later...

"Each day of the Müller trial brings startling new disclosures. Today the whole mystery of the exploding car engines was revealed. It is now known that a major foreign power had developed a new chemical, known simply as Formula Fourteen. This chemical, added to petrol, increased its explosive qualities tenfold."



"In the event of war, the agents of this foreign power could easily contaminate the oil reserves of the other side. The recent outbreak of car explosions was by way of a trial, on a reduced scale, of this new tactic. Thanks to the work of the famous boy reporter, Tintin, the secret of Formula Fourteen has been discovered."



"...An effective antidote has immediately been developed by his distinguished colleague, Professor Lutherford Calculus, to neutralize the effects of the chemical. By his prompt action, Tintin has undoubtedly prevented the outbreak of war. Better news to the detectives Thomson and Thompson who inadvertently swallowed some Formula Fourteen. They are now out of danger, and well on the way to recovery."



What about that? We had a narrow escape, eh?... If it hadn't been for the Thompsons, we'd be at war!... You know, Captain, you still haven't told us how you came to be mixed up in this business...

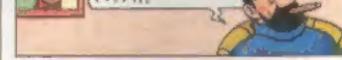
Oh, yes... Well, I... thank you, Highness...



Well... Pff... It's like this... Pff... I think I told you... Pff... it's quite simple really... Pff... and at the same time rather complicated...



Would you believe it... Pff... I... Pff...



Another of Abdullah's little tricks!... And he promised me he'd be good!... Ah, what adorable little ways he has!



Adorable!... Adorable!... I'll say he is!!...

Well, if you want to hear my story, it won't be from me!... Blistering barnacles, as far as I'm concerned, this is the end!



END

